

THE TATLER

APRIL, 1922

FUN FACTS



TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN



Photo by Hesser

MADGE BELLAMY

MOVIE MIRTH MERRIMENT MISINFORMATION

PRICE
15 CENTS

STAGE SCREEN SONG STORIES SATIRE SPICE

Clip the Coupon
on the Back Cover
NOW!



VOL. IV

APRIL, 1922

NO. 3

A Few April Showers

WHY don't they call it Follywood?

Ziggy says chorus girls must be educated, but most of them know too much now.

Broadway isn't so very wide, but even then, some actors never get across.

Apparently the slogan of the fillum colony is "Fillum up again."

Two little worms were boring in dead earnest. Poor Earnest.

Some say women are progressive but not one of them looks with favor on any new wrinkle.

Men's trousers are going to be cut looser this year; more elbow room on the hip, as 'twere.

A flapper has been defined as a girl who believes that personality is physical. We've noticed that ourselves.

All women may be divided into two classes: svelte and svat.

Peace at any price is what a man is willing to pay for his wife's clothes.

Falling down the cellar stairs is less suspicious-looking than falling up them.

There's a town in Russia inhabited only by men, and we'll bet they frequently get called out of town on business.

What makes a husband hard-boiled is being kept in hot water too long.

THE TATLER

Henry Waterson
President and Treasurer

Walter E. Colby
Vice-President and Secretary

Published Monthly by
The Tatler Publishing Corporation
1819 Broadway, New York City

Single copies, 15 cents, obtained from all
newsdealers. By subscription one dollar
a year, in foreign countries \$1.50 a year.

WALTER E. COLBY
Editor

April, 1922. Vol. 4. No. 3. Entered as second-class matter, May 6, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1922, by the Tatler Publishing Corporation.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. THE TATLER does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

If the reformers have their way the cork tip will follow in the wake of the cork top.

Chorus girl's version: Eat, drink, and be married, for to-morrow he may be sober.

Many a man gets a pretty bad fall from being thrown on his own resources.

Appearances are deceitful, but they get you almost anywhere you want to go.

Marry in haste and lose your leisure.

Check Grabbing A Lost Art

*GONE are the days,
Gone beyond recall,
When the metropolitan boob
Fought to pay it all.*

There is a painful announcement to make.

Doleful as it may seem, the Check Grabbers' Union, once so prominent among the gilded palaces of gastronomy, has gone out of business and relinquished its charter and the time-honored slogan of the cult: "This is my party," may never be heard again in the land.

A combination of circumstances over which he had no control has turned the average member of this order into a nice, quiet, gentlemanly being. The good right arm which shot out for the check in days of yore and would fight for possession of it, has been paralyzed.

In the good old days they used to run down the aisle between the tables to meet the waiter and take the bad news away from him. The check generally got back to the cashier with a dozen torn places in it, which had transpired when four or five members of this in-

teresting cult got hands on it simultaneously.

Nowadays a check can lie on the table for a half-hour without being noticed at all. No waiter has had his Tuxedo torn off by an eager mob of check grabbers since we started to make the world safe for democracy. Nowadays, when the most modest check looks like a taxicab license number, the enthusiasm of the union has seeped out and it has nothing left but a tradition.

Like ghostly voices from the past come the favorite pass-words of the great organization:

"Aw, let me do it."

"Now, it's my turn. You did it yesterday."

"This is my party, gents. Remember that."

"Aw, have a heart. Let this be on me."

"I pay this or there's going to be a riot."

The restaurant check to-day is an orphan. Nobody claims it and hugs it to his heart. The check grabber has gone along with Old John Barleycorn, the divine right of kings and the brotherhood of man.



Edwin Bower Hesser

GLORIA SWANSON in a somewhat
different picture, wearing something
of a Petrovakian expression---
posed exclusively for
The Tatler

Our Ideas

OF	BEFORE MARRIAGE	AND AFTER
TRAVEL	Order the car	Subway.
DINNER	Delmonico's	Childs.
FLOWERS	American beauties	Boiled cabbage.
BREAKFAST	11 a. m.	7 a. m.
CLOTHES	The best	Anything.
VACATION	Newport	The back porch.
ART	Rembrandt	Beef stew.
COMFORT	Country estate	Get your shoes off.
RICHES	\$1,000,000	\$1.
SINGLE-BLESSEDNESS	I hope not	I wonder?
MUSIC	Jeritza	"Dinner's ready."
ASPIRATIONS	Get into society	Get out of debt.
AMUSEMENT	Follies	Movies.
DRINK	Champagne	Beer.

Our Favorite Agonies

ENTERTAINING an inspector from the income-tax department.
Listening to an actor telling his kid's tricks.

Sitting in front of two flappers who know somebody in the show.

Trying to steer the wife through a subway turnstile.

Getting the mail on the first of the month.

Sitting through a new-thought drama.

Telling an author what we think of his play.

Having a woman ask us to guess her age.

Being asked to take a drink of the host's home brew.

Trying to direct old lady in Times Square subway station.

Hearing curtain speech by movie star.

Trying to thank wife for a birthday present that doesn't fit.

Reading interviews with famous Indian Guide.

Standing in subway in front of baby with lollypop.

Listening to classical stuff by movie orchestras.

Trying to get something to eat for a dollar.

TOO MUCH FOR HER

AN elderly lady of very prim and severe aspect was seated next a young couple, who were discussing the merits of their motor cars.

"What color is your body?" asked the young man of the girl at his side, meaning, of course, the body of her motor.

"Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?"

"Mine," replied the man, "is brown with wide yellow stripes."

This was too much for the old lady. Rising from the table, she exclaimed:

"When young people come to asking each other the color of their bodies at a party, it is time I left the room."

CHEER-UP-O-GRAMS

ALL a pessimist can see is a hole, but an optimist can see a doughnut around it.

College professors get only an average of \$1,200 a year because they merely explain things. It's the chaps who do things who get the \$10,000 jobs.

Another philosopher advised us to be pleasant every day until 10 o'clock, saying the rest of the day would take care of itself. But who can be pleasant if he has to get up as early as 10 a. m.?

You cannot afford an automobile? Don't worry. Neither can half the folks who have them.

AT THE GOLDEN WEDDING

"YES, we have lived together for fifty years."

"Ah, charmante! And now you marry her?"

"I Hear—"

Interesting Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

WHEREVER
Dorothy Gish and

her husband, James Rennie, are seen, be it theatre or concert or café chantante, there one sees John Pialoglue. Which is another way of saying that the brideless bridegroom of the difficult Greek name may be disconsolate; but he is not alone.

On December 26, a little more than one short year ago, Constance Talmadge and her Greek admirer, and Dorothy Gish and James Rennie fled, although no one pursued, to Greenwich, Conn., and were married. Miss Talmadge's union lasted a brief eight months. She left her husband and her fireside to go to Hollywood with her mother and sister and brother-in-law to "do a picture." This in spite of her husband's ultimatum, "If you go it will end our marriage." To which, by the way, she retorted: "There will be more people pleased at that than were at our marriage!"

But the match which Dorothy Gish made takes on the appearance of permanency. The light of a great happiness shines from their faces even while she was retaking more pictures of the "Orphans of the Storm" and he was rehearsing for "Madeline of the Movies."

Their own happiness stirs in them sympathy for John Pialoglue's loss. They have taken him under their youthful wing to comfort and console.

THE sympathy of Broadway and its tributary streets was genuinely expressed in a rainfall of letters of condolence to Billie Burke.

The passing of Mrs. Blanche Burke, her mother, was preceded by a long illness which culminated in mental affliction. For two years Mrs. Burke had occupied a cottage on her daughter's estate, Burkeley Crest, at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. There, attended by servants provided by her daughter, the elder woman slowly succumbed to age and illness.

Miss Burke's devotion to her mother was deep and tender. She spent every moment her professional duties permitted in the cottage. The sight of the piquant, beautiful star leading her five-

By THE TATLER

year-old daughter, Patricia, also titian-haired, across the wooded grounds, past the lake and beyond the Japanese arbor, to pay a visit to "dear Gramma," was one which passers-by slowed down their automobiles to witness and admire.

It was Mrs. Burke's habit to say to all who complimented her famous daughter's acting, "But you have not seen her at her best. Her best role is that of daughter."

OUT of the lavender and old lace of a bureau of memories, the poignantly sad crowding the poignantly gay, as in the tossed and crowded bureau of life, there fell the other day the story of the supreme love of Ethel Barrymore's life.

Miss Barrymore may deny it. The enchanting actress has the habit of denying things uttered not in praise of her, or unofficially spoken by her. But I am prepared to tilt lances with her anywhere and any time she likes. Moreover, I shall declare her as captious as she is fascinating if she attempts to contradict it. For it was a bosom friend of hers who told me the story. She told it with love and sympathetic tenderness.

"When Ethel was in London playing in Sir Henry Irving's company she met Lord Ava, the son of the Marquis of Dufferin. They fell in love with each other almost at sight. The youthful love progressed without any of the usual rocks in the way of true love, until two huge rocks interposed. One was the necessity for her to come to America. There were two small brothers to be provided for, and her brilliant, erratic father was developing new irresponsibilities.

"So she came back to work. While she was here, Lord Ava accompanied his regiment to the Transvaal. She was playing in "His Excellency the Governor" when she read of his death. He had been killed in battle in the Boer War. She fainted when she saw the awful truth staring at her from the headlines.

"She mourned him secretly for many
(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 5)

years. That is the reason why one suitor after another was sent about his business. Ethel had no heart left to give. Or it seemed asleep, never to awake. She went to England one summer for a visit. While there she lived over the tragic episode, and came back very unhappy. She went straight to Easthampton, her uncle, John Drew's place, on Long Island. Her uncle introduced a young man who was staying with them for a few days, Russell Colt. It was a case of a sad heart being caught in the rebound. That is the answer to the frequent query, "Why did she marry him?"

It is a sad, true story. But what was Ethel Barrymore's loss has been our gain. Had she married Lord Ava she would have left the stage and the public would have been bereft of her gifts of charm and talent and womanly witchery.

THEY are saying down Greenwich Village way that, camouflage aside, the self-inflicted death of Florence Deshon was caused by her hopeless love for Max Eastman, the Socialist dweller below Washington Square Arch.

Miss Deshon expected that when Eastman had secured his divorce he would marry her. But that divorce occurred two years ago and she was still unmarried. He had taken passage on the *Aquitania* for February 7 and she was not going with him.

The slumming trips which the stage smitten society beauty, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, made to the Village, disturbed the unhappy actress. Eastman was Mrs. Hoyt's guide on these expeditions. Although her husband escorted her to the strange balls and the stranger studios and restaurants of that imitation Latin Quarter, and she was indifferent to the Socialist save as a queer specimen of a life far remote from hers, it is Village gossip that he was greatly interested in her.

This was the last sentimental straw that broke the back of Florence Deshon's resistance. To escape the torture of a situation that maddened her the unhappy girl took her life.

THE John Barrymores returned from Europe on different ships. Although they sailed together and friends hoped that they would adjust their differences, Mrs. Barrymore came back alone. She is still, at the time this is written, alone.

"WHY not point to the happy marriages?" scolded an onlooker of the Great White Way. "You never see Bessie Barriscale in print as having been married happily for nineteen years. No. You turn over on your pens the three marriages of her cousin, Mabel Taliaferro, and you talk of Nat Goodwin's five wives and De Wolf Hopper's same number, and not a word about Charlie and Sadie McDonald, married for thirty years. The still youthful-looking vaudeville pair celebrated their thirtieth anniversary on last month, and it didn't cause a ripple beyond the pleasant ripple of conversation by the parting guests."

MME. PETROVA is a daring thinker. "I resent any power dictating when I shall make my entrances and exits in the drama of life," she says. "The entrance has been forced upon me. But the exits I shall regulate myself."

She means it, too, for her intimates understand that when life has ceased to interest and amuse her, and she thinks her usefulness to life is over, she will herself drop the curtain.

ETHEL CLAYTON is known to screenland as The Widow of the Films. At Hollywood she gives her working hours to the studio. Her periods of recreation she spends in great part in communing with the vacant chair that stands beside the fireplace. All who call upon her know that the chair at the right of the fireplace is sacred to the memory of her dead husband. None ever ventures to sit upon it.

"MARRIAGES," said Willard Mack, as he took his fourth plunge, "is like vaccination. I've tried three—marriages, not vaccinations—and they didn't 'take.' If this one doesn't, I'm finished. They'll never lay me alongside Nat Goodwin." Turning to his fourth and present bride, who was Mrs. Beatrice B. Stone, he said, "It's up to you, Bebe." Apparently Mack lays the success or failure of his marriages to his wives.

Their romance dates back twelve years to the time when Mrs. Stone, then Beatrice Banyard and 12 years old, played in Mack's Salt Lake City company. Mack then was married to Maude Leone, his first wife. Since then

(Continued on page 8)



Edwin Bower Hesser

- - The latest portrait of - -
MARY MILES MINTER
posed just before the Holly-
wood tragedy in which William
Desmond Taylor met his death

△△
△

△△
△

(Continued from page 6)

wives have come into the life of Mr. Mack—and wives have gone. A few weeks ago he found himself back in Salt Lake trying out a new production and looked up his little friend of the other days, with the result that she came to Los Angeles shortly after him—and nuptial bells rang.

At that they gave us some false-alarms. Late the afternoon before the wedding he called up the marriage license bureau and requested that the clerk remain overtime to give him his license. She waited an hour but Mr. Mack failed to arrive. However, next day he turned up, captured the coveted slip, harnessed a justice of the peace and subsided—for a while.

"I'm tired of looking at beauties who know they are beauties," said Mack in adieu. "I want a woman that can think of me once in a while."

QUIETLY Ray Long's divorce was achieved. The little big man of the Cosmopolitan and other magazines lost his wife without a creak of the machinery of the divorce mills.

"Good lawyers" is the grinning answer of his friends to the question: "How was it accomplished without any one knowing?"

AT Mountain Lake, N. J., the gray mansion on the hill, once the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack (Marjorie Rambeau), has taken on the name, "The House of Ill Luck." Financial disaster and illness have overtaken the imposing residence since Miss Rambeau indignantly left it. Although each of the pair has taken on new bonds and the memory of the briefly tenanted country home may be fading from the mind of each, the hoodoo, the neighbors

say, still perches upon it, forebodingly.

I WOULDN'T be a bit surprised if Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet got married one of these days. Oh, yes, they've been threatening it lo these many years, but it seems to be one of those resurgitating affairs. It was "off" for a while and Mickey ornamented the beaches in company with Mary Miles

Minter and other damosels. But now he and Blanche are treading the light fantastic together most every evening at the Ambassador Coconut Grove—and to the exclusion of all others. Blanche ignores other cavaliers who would clasp her in the dance and Mickey looks not upon the lips that are red inviting. They dance together throughout the whole evening.

THE latest secret the little birdie is whispering is that Charlie Chaplin is showing a marked interest in Lila Lee.

SMILE!

SMILE!

The sky is blue enough without you adding to it.

Smile!

What if the times are tough, you didn't do it.

Smile!

Your face won't crack at all, go on and try it.

Smile!

Your grin may be a stall, but just deny it.

Smile!

It won't cost you a cent, so just go to it.

Smile!

And then some other gent will also do it.

Next?

CHARLES WAGNER, impressario of John McCormack and Sidney Blackmer, says he likes players, but dislikes their faults.

"I sat in a box with three actresses and heard them roast the woman who was playing the leading part to cinders," he said. "And she really played the part well. They were all seeing themselves playing it and differed with her conception. Charity, dear ladies! Charity!"

THERE be whispers that Frederick Van Patten, the handsome milliner, who is to the Broadway folk what Tappe is to Fifth Avenue, is about to forsake his bachelor path and enter that of matrimony. "Hsh! A wealthy widow" is all that his friends dare to whisper.



Edwin Bower Hesser

DOROTHI BOCK

The featured dancer in the screen version of "Aphrodite"



Epitaphs That Tell the Truth

Here lies
REGINALD PFUDGE.

He went out in the kitchen and told the cook that one of them would have to go.

HE WENT.

In this spot
JONAS McFUDDLE
would have been buried in due time. But he tossed a match in a tank of benzol to see if it would ignite.

IT WOULD.

Buried here is
DOCTOR SPEEDER.
He was in a hurry to attend a coroner's inquest and tried to bunt a locomotive off the crossing with his flivver.

HE WAS AT THE INQUEST.

To the memory of
ANNIE CHUMP
who ate five pounds of tablets because she was worried about her complexion.

SHE HAS STOPPED WORRYING.

Here lies
HAROLD SHIRKE.
To escape going to war he married a large red-headed lady.

HE WAS KILLED IN BATTLE.

Sacred to the memory of
ORVILLE GREEN.
He believed that wild mushrooms would solve the cost of living problem, but gathered toadstools by mistake.

THEY SOLVED HIS PROBLEM.

This monument is for
PERCIVAL FRESHLEIGH.
He boasted to the boys in Devil's Gulch that he wouldn't be found dead in such a town.

BUT HE WAS.

In memoriam.
SUSIE LITEFOOTE,
who was warned by the doctors that she had a weak heart, told everybody that she could just die dancing.

SHE WAS RIGHT.

In remembrance of
HANNAH MCSUDDS.
For forty years she "rushed the can," but one day while hanging out clothes on the roof

SHE TOOK A DROP TOO MUCH.

Here's what's left of
RED MCCRACKEM.
He started to blow a safe with nitroglycerine, but

THE NITRO BLEW FIRST.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF

THE Washington Square Players.
The old-fashioned lady who wore corsets.

Nigger minstrel shows.
Aluminum chimes in vaudeville.
Animated cartoons.
McSorley's Ale House.
Silver champagne buckets.
Salvation Army doughnuts.
"Fans and opera glasses!"
The Considine boys.
Mustache cups.
Greenwich Village night-life.
Chest protectors.
Bromo-seltzer.
Side-combs.
Sarah Bernhardt.

WATCH YOUR VOCABULARY

EVEN language can be dealcoholized. The official ban has been put on the word "champagne" as applied to thin and pepless fizzes, comprised of oranges, grapes, or extract of ginger.

Champagne is strong language, under the food and drugs act, and strong language is now as illegal as strong booze. They're afraid the very mention of champagne will go to your head.

We live in an upright country, and it's agin the law to kid the labels.

So when you want a flat drink just make a flat statement to that effect. Simply say: "Gimme what you got—and gosh! how I dread it."

That makes it perfectly legal.

SON—Pa, what do the Head Hunters do with the heads after they get them?

PA—Make noodle soup of them, I guess. Don't bother me again.



Edwin Bower Hesser

ANITA STEWART

Who goes quietly along her way, retaining her
girlish charm, and making pretty pictures



The Life of Lucille

(Story of the Hardships of a Chorus Girl in The Great City.)

OLD SILAS PURDY was sad as he fed the hogs that night. He was about to bid farewell to the old farm which had been his home since childhood and where he had reared his beautiful daughter Lucy, now striving for success in the great city, in a musical comedy chorus.

"Well, Marthy, I guess it is all over," he said to his wife when he entered the kitchen, where she was frying the pork for supper. "The mortgage is due next week and we can't pay it."

"I know it, Sile, and it's turrible," said Marthy, soothingly, "but we got to make the best of it. I don't know what will become of our datter Lucy, down there with that musical comical show—poor gel."

"That's the worst of it," said Sile; "I got to write to her tonight. It will be an awful blow to her and she has had such a hard struggle. I was figgerin' on leaving this little farm to her. Now, she won't have nothing to look for'ard to."

"Never mind, Sile," said Marthy. "Just you set down after supper and write her a nice letter and explain how it is."

Two days later Miss Lucille Purdee, the struggling Broadway showgirl, sat in the beautiful morning room of her magnificent apartment on the Drive, overlooking the Hudson. The second butler had just assisted her maid Juliette in clearing away her breakfast dishes. Jarvis, the butler, brought her the morning mail. Opening them care-

lessly, but carefully shaking them for checks, she finally found one with the address in familiar handwriting. She tore it open with a jeweled letter opener and, lazily smoking a perfumed cigarette, she read:

"Dear Datter Lucy: I know this will be a turrible blow to you, pore little gal, but the morgidge is to be foreclose on our home next week. There ain't no way I can raise the money. It is \$1,200 and they won't renew the morgidge no more. We been trying to keep the farm for you, so you will have something. Please try to bear up as brave as possible. But the old home has got to go. I hope you are getting enough to eat although I know times is very hard. Your father,

"SILAS PURDY."

Miss Purdee threw the letter aside and pressed a button in the edge of the table.

The butler, in his immaculate uniform, appeared as if by magic and approached noiselessly over the velvet carpet.

"Jahvis," she said.

"Yes, Miss."

"Will you please have Meadows get the town car out and drive to the nearest telegraph office and telegraph \$1,200 to Silas Purdy at Hickeyville, Pennsylvania, at once?"

"Very good, Miss."

"And, Jahvis."

"Yes, Miss."

"You will find sufficient change in my green-gold bag lying on my desk in the drawing room. Take the \$1,200 out of that. Don't disturb any of the large bills."

A MACHINE POLITICIAN

CHURCH—Do you know that New York official?

Gotham—Oh, yes.

Church—Is he a machine politician?

Gotham—Well, I guess so. I see him around in one of the city's automobiles most of the time.

CHANSON DU PRINTEMPS

The wine of Spring is in my blood,
My new straw lid is in the mud,
Cheep, Cheep, Cheep!

Daffodil and early rose,
Open car and open hose.

Peep, Peep, Peep!

"Whom is pretty Mrs. Gaddy in mourning for?"

"Nobody, that I know of, but she is in black for her husband."

If every one had to actually earn the money in order to buy an automobile, it would be practically safe to cross the street.



- The shapely -
HASOUTRA,
dancing in
Ed Wynn's
"Perfect Fool"

White Studio

RIZA ROYCE in "Bibi of the Boulevard"

Photo by Abbe

The College-Bred Chorus Girl

By Mercedes Buick

NOW they tell us that we gotter
Go and get an Alma Mater.
For a prominent producer, he has
said:
Though he is by no means knocking
What a gel has in her stocking,
She must also have quite something
in her head.

We have got to go to college
And pick up some fancy knowledge
If we hope to keep our forty-dollar
job.
Now we must get hep to Plato
And Demosthenes and Cato
And in many other ways improve the
knob.

We may be knock-kneed and gawky
And our dogs they may be balky
And our dancing may be terrible to
see.
Though we're pigeon-toed and skinny
With a voice like old cow Winnie
The bald-head row will welcome us
with glee.

Though we are emaciated,
We will be well-educated
And the tired business man will have
a treat.
When near-sighted chorus lasses
All come out in bone-rimmed glasses
It's a cinch there'll never be a vacant
seat.

Now these Wall street parquet jiggers
Never go to see the figgers.
Their great desire is to improve the
mind.
And no winsome chorus cutie
Ever snags 'em by her beauty.
For she's got to be the intellectual
kind,

And they all yell: "If you vamp us
You must be right off the campus.
Of the ologies and isms we are fond.
For the thing that we are yearning
Is not shapeliness but learning
We do not care if you're brunette or
blonde."

Now the flapper with giggle
And the syncopated wiggle
And the ankles and shoulders, is
passe.
For you really cannot class her
With the coryphees from Vassar,
If the same well-known producer has
his way.

L'ENVOI.

But, somehow we are not worried
And we dumb-bells are not flurried,
Though our knowledge of the classics,
it is nil.
Will the boys still judge the chicken
By her shimmyin' and kickin'?
Now, altogether girls "We'll say they
will."

BEACH ETIQUETTE

AS you will probably spend some time
at the beaches this coming summer
you may find the following hints of use:
Never rescue a person from the
water unless you are sure she is
drowning. Otherwise she may be
very angry.
Don't teach the same girl to swim
more than ten times.
If you feel yourself drowning do
not get excited. It is just as easy
to drown quietly.
Never point out a drowning per-

son to a life guard. It is vulgar
to point.

Remember, you cannot drown so
long as you keep your head above
water.

Don't get mad if a crab nips you
by the toe. It's all the recreation
a crab gets.

A clam never says a word, and
yet it's very highly 'steamed.

If you step on a broken bottle
you can keep your foot from being
cut by wearing shoes.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Reno is proof of how poorly some
women make pie.

TOM: I suppose since prohibition you are drinking H²O?
JERRY: Not exactly, it's HO²CH.



Edwin Bower Hesser

GERALDINE KARMA

A dainty decoration of the Silver Screen

Our New Vaudeville

WE are going to uplift vaudeville and give the jaded variety fans a treat. Too long has it been in a rut. Our program is going to be something entirely new and novel, so that you will not have to be deaf and dumb and blind to enjoy the performance, as at present.

The old, hackneyed stunts must go. We take pleasure in appending a sample program:

OVERTURE.

Sixth symphony from Leontrotzky's Serenade by the Tatler's Symphony Orchestra.
Prof. Modestvioletski conducting (in the spotlight).

CAPT. SPERM'S TRAINED SEALS.

(Eating fish and playing the bass drum and catching baseballs in mouth, and balancing globes on nose.)

MONS. AND MME. SHOOTEMUPSKI.

(Fancy rifle shooting. Mons. will shoot clay pipe out of lady's mouth. We don't blame him.)

JOE KERR.

(Black faced delineator will tell some of Al. Jolson's best jokes direct from the Al. Jolson Theater.)

CURRENT SCREEN TOPICS.

(Side-splitting gags swiped from the newspapers at no cost to the producers.)

INTERMISSION.

(During the intermission the show will go right on.)

TINKHAM, BINKUM AND TOWSER.

(Two men and dog in marvelous acrobatic act. The dog will be good.)

MISS MAZIE TOBASCO.

(Late star of the great Broadway success, "Whoop-De-Doo," in popular songs, or songs which were popular before she began singing them.)

FEODOR KICKOFF AND CO.

(Celebrated dancers from the Imperial Russian Ballet. M. Kickoff wears a goat-skin. We don't know whose goat it was.)

THE WHIRLING WIMPS.

(Signor Josef Wimp and Family of Chinese from Canton, Ohio. Their only appearance in this country.)

GOOD-NIGHT.

(Good-night! is right.)

THAT'S DIFFERENT

THEY told him the poor girl had lost all her friends.

He was unmoved.

They added she had lost all her jewels.

He did not care.

They said she had lost all her money.

He only shrugged.

They mentioned she had lost all her clothes.

He asked for her address.

NATURAL QUERY

"ANY rags? Any old iron?"

chanted the dealer, as he knocked at the suburban villa. The man of the house himself opened the door.

"No, go away," he snapped, irritably. "There's nothing for you. My wife is away."

The itinerant merchant hesitated a moment, and then inquired: "Any old bottles?"

CALLER—So the doctor brought you a little baby sister the other night, eh?

TOMMY—Yeh; I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway, I heard him tellin' pa some time ago 'at if pa didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble for him.

"I think it's dreadfully vulgar to call a woman a skirt."

"It's not only vulgar, but the indications are that it will soon be inaccurate."



Nickolas Muray

VIRGINIA BEARDSLEY

Dancer
in the
Fokine Ballet

The Restless Sex

MR. W. L. GEORGE, the famous English novelist, says he knows all about women. Mr. George has too much imagination for a novelist. He ought to be writing movie scenarios for Pearl White.

Mr. George says: "Men sin in haste and repent at leisure. Women sin at leisure and repent when they are found out."

Quite a bird, this guy. He knows everything. What a divorce lawyer he would make.

"Women are uneasy if they are not in love," he says.

Is that so?

Perhaps it is, but these days, she is more uneasy if she is in love for the good-looking, wealthy providers are not as plentiful as once they were.

More than one Broadway chicken doesn't know where her next twelve-room and five bath apartment on the Drive is coming from. So if she is in love with some Broad street broker or automobile tire millionaire, she is un-

easy. There is a lot of competition now.

It keeps her busier than a one-armed bill-poster in a high wind keeping a line on her meal-ticket.

And the married lady who loves her husband?

All her troubles ended when Prohibition came. All except 3,782.

She is uneasy before the minister padlocks the yoke around their necks and then she begins to learn what real uneasiness is.

Nowadays the first thing to do after returning from the honeymoon is to begin looking up the rates of hotels and boarding houses in Reno. A lady can never tell when this list will come in handy.

Some uneasy ladies keep charge accounts with their divorce lawyers and never seem to catch up on the payments. When they get a new divorce they have it added to the bill.

Some women love men and the only ring they ever get is on the telephone, and then seldom at meal-time.

BETWEEN US GIRLS

TWO girls in a street car were in animated conversation.

"Whatcha gona wear?"

"My striped skirt."

"What else?"

"My pink shirtwaist."

"Gona wear a hair ribbon?"

"I dunno, are you?"

"I ain't certain."

"I ain't either."

"I think I'll ask ma."

"I'll ask my ma, too."

"Got a red hair ribbon?"

"Uh huh."

"I have, too."

"Gona wear it?"

"I dunno."

"You wear your's and I'll wear mine."

"Awright."

One man in the seat behind the girls turned wearily to his companion.

"Gee," he exclaimed, "it must be great to have nothing on your mind but a hair ribbon!"

CHEERING THE LEADER

LAST election the leading bon vivant of a certain town proceeded joyously and faithfully to go in for strong drink on a larger scale than was for his own best interests. His travels then took him to the headquarters of the Republican County Committee, where he sat and listened to the election returns. All night long he heard the precinct figures counted off—so many for Hank Hicks and so many for Bill Jones for this or that office.

Then he started homeward, steering his course along a street that was rough, as it seemed to him, like a sea. As one great billow pushed him against the plate-glass front of a restaurant, he glanced in at the signs that gave the prices of various food dishes offered in that caravansary. He read:

"Pork and apple sauce, 25. Ham and eggs, 35."

"Hurrah for ham and eggs!" he shouted, as he continued on his way.

"Give me a dime, sir. I am a poor cripple."

"How are you crippled?"

"Financially."

Lenore Ulric
in
"Kiki"

Ira L. Hill Studio



Photo by Tornello

Cora D'Orsay in the "Greenwich Village Follies"

The Wonderful Program

IF the show isn't funny enough to interest you, read the program and if you don't get a few laughs out of that you ought to be home and in bed on general principles.

WHAT THE MEN WILL WEAR: Under this heading you will find the picture of a plug hat and the picture of a necktie. Now, of course, we don't want to say anything but there ought to be a suit of clothes shown somewhere, right here in the spring, too, when it is apt to be so chilly in the evening.

WHAT THE WOMEN WILL WEAR: Under this caption you will find an announcement that women will wear amber bracelets and there is a picture of the bracelet. That is the only article mentioned. We have realized for some time that the ladies are leaving off a great deal but we hardly thought they would get down to a single bracelet. Has the short skirt era reached zero? We must step out in Broadway and give a look.

NOTICE TO PATRONS: Under this the house announces: "Patrons of this theater wishing information will please ask our uninformed attendants." And some of them are so uninformed.

GRATUITIES: "Gratuities in this theater are unnecessary." We have often thought that very thing.

GENTS' SMOKING ROOM: The program announces as this feature: "The gents' smoking room is in the basement downstairs." Probably this is the only theater in town with a basement that is not in the attic.

OUT-OF-TOWN PATRONS: Says the program: "Seats will be reserved for out-of-town patrons who enclose currency, post-office order or certified check with the order." Now, ain't that just too sweet?

The literary department of the program is also a treat. In the questions department, we find the following:

Q. Who was John McCullough?

A. An actor.

JUST THINK OF IT

A BEAUTIFUL Broadway restaurant
Where you can walk right in
And pick out the table you want,
Where they have clean table-cloths
And other modern improvements,
Including an orchestra
And a fine floor for dancing
And the waiters are very attractive
And nobody tries to lift your watch
And you can get a square meal
With real meat included in it,
As well as soup, fish and salads
And you may sit at the table
And visit as long as you like
And the head-waiter doesn't
Give you a nasty look and hint
That others are waiting for the table
And when you get up to go out
The waiter hands you a check,
The amount for two being \$2
And he brings you the correct change
And positively refuses a tip
And smilingly wishes you good-night.
And you get your hat and coat back
Without paying anything for them.
And the doorman as he opens the door
Keeps one hand on the knob and the
other back of him
Of course, there isn't any such place—
But, just think of it.

OUR LOST AND FOUND DEPT.

\$50 REWARD for name of owner of blonde hair found on my husband's coat, and several questions asked. Mrs. Black, 23 Marital ave.

LOST, between New Year's morning and this date, seven perfectly good resolutions. Finder may keep. I. Lush, Buffet Boulevard.

FOUND—Memorandum book containing sixty names and addresses young ladies. Owner of book evidently traveling salesman. He can have same by calling with \$500 cash within 30 days. Otherwise will forward it to his wife. I. Blackmail, 10 McGraft ave.

LOST—One perfectly good digestion. Will pay any reward for recovery of same or another equally as good. Wood B. Youngergin, 1001 Swell ave.

\$1,000 REWARD for return of suit case full of bonds, lost some place between 1 A. M. and Central Park West. It's not so much the sentiment as the coupons attached to them. No questions asked if none of bonds are missing. XYZ.

LOST—Our cook. Last seen on way to policeman's ball. Very liberal reward for her return, or return of any other cook. Everywoman, Everywhere.

Spring Fashion Hints

Combination Hat and Sleeve—Glace Kid Gloves—
Tassels on Stockings—Three In One
Stockings—Egyptian Turbans

By Betty Grant

THE Retail Milliners' Association of America had some very interesting innovations in hats at a recent showing. One of the most unusual was a combination hat and sleeve effect. The model

(Continued on next page)



A suit of cravenette cloth by Drecoll has four double bow pleats on the skirt and is bound at the pockets and button-hole with leather to match



From Maison Lewis comes this turban-like hat with its becoming upturned brim and its taffeta bow caught under a circle of small coral beads. The hat is made of tiny folds of the taffeta carefully sewn by hand



A foulard frock by Jenny accompanies a cape of crepe silk. The plaiting at the sides of the skirt matches the full of the sleeve. The bateau neck and girdle are hand embroidered

(Continued from page 21)

was of black cire maline, the brim had a heavy ruching effect while the maline drawn over the crown was caught at the side, back and fell in streamers. Fluted flame colored ribbon decorated the streamers. The hat was worn with a flame colored evening gown to demonstrate that by fastening the streamers at the waist, forming a diaphanous sleeve, your evening gown could be transformed into a charming dinner frock.

The smartest type of hat to be worn with suits and afternoon frocks seems to be the tight Egyptian turbans.

Becomingly draped soft silk hats in white and black and white combinations are popular.

It is surprising to see the amount of paradise being shown, especially in onion skin and deep brown shades.

Glace kid gloves are being shown a lot for spring use. Suede, of course, is always good, but glace kid seems to be more in demand. A fashionable Fifth Avenue shop is showing a strap wrist glove with single pearl button, the

(Continued on page 26)



On a broadcloth coat Worth uses punch-work of black broadcloth. The elaborate sleeves are in keeping with the inside of the coat fronts. The long tassel-edged scarf wraps about the throat and terminates below the waistline



A most unusual trimming has been used by Agnes on this black crepe model. Tufts of fringe inverted so that the silk threads curve forward border the panels of this frock, while silver embroidery and a cameo cabochon add the light high lights



A sports frock of black knitted silk is trimmed with motifs and banding of green knitted silk hand-embroidered with black silk

Kick Kontest Klosed

THERE may not be much kick to beverages that are bartered in these days, but there is plenty in the public. Great Scott! we never dreamed, when we started *The Tatler Kick Kontest*, that there was so much kick left in the poor old publick. We figured that lots of people probably had a kick coming, but we didn't figure it would be unanimous. We got kicks from every direction. They came in from every town, city, hamlet, borough, county, state and country (including the Scandinavian). We were fairly kicked into submission. They kicked about

- prohibition
- short skirts
- long skirts
- income taxes
- lap dogs
- other people's babies
- Bryan
- censorships
- barbers
- blue laws
- pink lingerie
- plumbers
- wives
- saxophones
- ushers
- divorce
- one-man trolleys
- tobacco
- party line phones
- child prodigies
- tipping
- Ford cars
- landlords
- he-vamps
- refunding war debts
- chewing gum
- scandalmongers
- and hundreds of others.

A favorite kick was the kick against kickers—that class that is always finding fault with everything and obsessed with the spirit of reform. They came in for a lot of criticism.

Most contestants took the matter seriously and registered protests accordingly. Others, as per *THE TATLER'S* invitation, were flippant and quite funny in their points of view and observations. The editors took the whole thing very seriously, as they wanted to be eminently open-minded and fair.

They have awarded the prize for the best serious kick to Charles W. Goddard, 10 East Sixteenth St., New York City.

His kick is here printed and explains itself. The editors believe that Mr. Goddard really put his finger on the one evil in this country that is causing more woes than any other.

The extravagance and miserable mismanagement at Washington, the indifference manifest there toward real, vital, fundamental problems and the eagerness to "blow" the people's money, with no faint indication of wanting to save and economize, is really causing more discontent, hardship and suffering on the part of individuals and general business in this country than any other one thing. Taxes, taxes, nothing but taxes, to meet their insatiate political extravagances. The way they're stuffing the poor public with them, marks them as expert taxidermists.

This gets the prize because it really gets to the point:

I kick at Congress burning our money. I am not interested in a naval holiday unless it is to be followed by a tax-holiday. Our money might as well be burned for battle-ships as for feeding The Russian Pinch-Quitters whose place we had to take in the war.

Congress treats this nation like a hive of bees. It lets us gather such honey as we can, and then takes away all but just enough to live on while we gather more. Bees have stings and sometimes intelligence enough to use them—so have voters.

What is the sense of economy talk and the budget system if the millions saved in one place are to be blown somewhere else? Tax-revision is bunk. What we want is tax-reduction. There is only one way to reduce taxes—stop burning the taxpayer's money.

If the American dollar is just something to be burned, then let the man who earns it do a little of the burning himself, instead of Congress doing it all.

If the Agricultural Bloc-heads can frighten Congress into giving them what they want, why can't the taxpayers? Kick to your Congressman! If he doesn't listen, remember and when his time comes, kick him out.

To pick the best of the funny kicks was not so easy, but the editors finally decided that the double-barreled kick of

Corsets for Men

A CELEBRATED Parisian, one of the best known arbiters of fashion, has landed in this country, bringing the important information that corsets for men are now in style.

Well, why not?

We are gradually moving toward an equality of the sexes. If votes for women, why not corsets for men?

Nobody is flabbergasted over the news. Nobody is surprised at anything these days. If the discovery were to be made that men were using powder puffs and vanity cases, a few old ginks might swallow cyanide of potassium to escape the modern trend, but the majority of men would view the situation calmly and without vulgar display of emotion. Nobody ever invented a style for men that some men wouldn't adopt.

In the majority of cases the corset factories will have to be rebuilt to meet the new situation. Most of the new corsets will have to be convex instead of concave. The outlay for new machinery must needs be something tremendous.

FAMOUS characters who disapproved of bobbing the hair:

Absalom
Samson
Bluebeard
Barbara Frietschie
Rip Van Winkle
Lady Letty
The Furies
Paderewski
Lady Godiva

Can you imagine any single corset factory catering to Professor Taft, a perfect 76, and to Henry Ford a perfect 26, at one and the same time.

Nobody can imagine the Colonel becoming enthusiastic over the corset, and he will probably oppose the corset for men with all the Webster at his command.

The French have often expressed and exemplified a substantial friendship for this country. This has been the case since General Lafayette came across with his sword. But the French have come across with so many things since that we are often inclined to stop and wonder whether friendship is always what it is cracked up to be.

But, if the corset for men is bound to come, let it come. After putting up with the French poodles, French salad-dressing, French cigarettes and French plays, nothing like a French corset is going to disturb our equilibrium.

Let it come. We will take care of it after it gets here.

(Kick Kontest Continued from page 23)
Gordon P. Gleason, 8 Madison Place, Albany, N. Y., against gold fish and Mexican hairless dogs, which he evidently believes (and we agree) any home would be complete without, should get the palm and the prize. Mr. Gleason's wail is as follows:

My kick is against those utterly worthless atoms of life that people call gold fish.

The gold fish is the pre-eminent vampire of all the animal, vegetable and piscatorial world. It is worthless as a pet, devoid of any food value and spends its life in absolute idleness. You give it a home, but it shows no gratitude. You feed it, but receive nothing in return. It lives in a crystal palace, but pays no income tax. It is a fraud because it looks like, but is not, gold. It is a cheat, a hypocrite and a boil on the

neck of progress. It is a cancerous growth eating at the vitals of civilization. It thrives on water. It should be the emblem of the Prohibition Party.

But the Mexican Hairless dog is nature's greatest joke. In appearance it is a cross between a warthound and garden toad. If you touch its clammy flesh it gives you the creeps. If its denuded body gets near a keyhole it catches cold. A waterbug will frighten it into a fit. If hurt, its shrieks of rage rival a steam calliope. If you are kind to it it doubts your good intentions. If you are not kind to it its owner believes you are an unfeeling brute. If you caress it it bites your finger. If you buy one you get stung.

In the next issue we will print several more kicks for your enjoyment. 'Nuff for now.



Hesser

Dorinda
Adams
in Pictures



Abbe

Elsie Lawson in
"Bibi"

You Needn't Tell the Secret

Restore your graying hair with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and no one will ever know. No streaks or freakish discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off. The restored color is even and perfectly natural in all lights.



possible. When convinced by wonderful results, get a full-sized bottle at drug-gist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman,
1448 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name
Address

(Continued from page 22)

cuff being ornamented by a long seven-point effect in some contrasting color. Smart combinations are made and brown or gray and white.

Fine silk hose in all colors lavishly embroidered in jet beads and brightly hued silks are being shown for spring and summer use.

White silk hose embroidered in orange or any color to match your gown or black hose with figures outlined with steel beads are among the Paris offerings to fashion. Some stockings had tassels hanging from the designs.

A three-in-one stocking is being originated which can be worn as a knicker hose, full length or rolled down.

A well known boot shop is showing a novelty hose of gauze, with tiny embroidered flowers down the front or on the sides.

New spring bags made of Jacquard

silks are interesting. Most of the bags are pouch shaped and are fitted with mirror and change purses. The elaborately fitted bag seems to have waned in popularity.

Hand-worked filigree frames add an attractive note to these bags. Rhinestone knobs are employed to give a touch of individuality to some of the more severe types of bags.

I have seen a great many afternoon and evening dresses made without the well known belt of the past season. These dresses are pulled tight at the back and front and are held at the hip with fancy clasps.

Jackets of metal cloth worn over crepe dresses makes an elaborate afternoon dress.

The Grecian influence is being reflected in a great many gowns, the draping reaching from one shoulder to the hem.

Irish green is coming to the front for spring use, both in millinery and gowns.

Wide metal ribbons are being used for bandeaus for evening wear. The brow is almost covered, the ribbon tapering toward the ears and disappearing in the hair.

Colored handkerchiefs still retain their popularity, but the drawn colored thread effects do not seem to be so widely shown. More embroidery and applique touches are popular. The applied square applied in the corners are generally of a contrasting shade.

All black handkerchiefs embroidered in bright colors are most effective. One had a basket of bright colors in one corner and small embroidered flowers in each of the others.

Combined with other materials, a wool lace with a fibre thread running through it makes an effective trimming.

Paris has a new hollow colored bead with a beveled surface which makes a good novelty trimming for hats and gowns. These beads are called "rautins."



*Marion Sunshine
(left)*

*Jaqueline Hunter
(right)*

*Bernice Ackerman (below)
in
'The Blue Kitten'*





Dr. Wm. J. Robinson, physician and authority on sex questions, undertook, in writing this book, the difficult task of giving to *Woman* not only a treatise upon the intricate formation of her wonderful body, but a *text book* dealing with the intimate activities and relations of her Sex and Love Life.

He found that *Woman* suffers most through lack of sex knowledge. He found that *Woman* was not only more ignorant, but suffered more keenly from mistakes in the sexual realm. Every woman should possess a copy of this remarkable book.

A Few of the 53 Chapters

***Reasons Why a Mistake in a Girl Is More Serious Than in a Boy**

Sex Knowledge of Paramount Importance to Girls and Women

The Female Sex Organs; Their Anatomy

***Importance of First Few Weeks of Married Life**

Who May and Who May Not Marry

Advice to Girls Approaching Womanhood

***What Is Love?**

Illegitimate Motherhood Late Marriages and Chastity in Men

Dainty Underwear

*Advice to Parents of Unfortunate Girls

***Birth Control**

Harmful Advice to Young Women

What a Girl Has a Right to Demand of Her Future Husband

*Advice to the Married or Those About to Be Regarding Flirtation

Cause of Love at First Sight

Infatuation Mistaken for Love

Great Love and Supreme Happiness

*How to Keep a Husband's Love

Woman as Man's Chattel Advice to the Wife of the Flirtatious Man

*Jealousy and How to Combat It

***These chapters alone are worth many times the price of the book.**

Woman—Her Sex and Love Life, contains 412 pages of 53 chapters, subdivided into over 200 sub-chapters, printed on fine paper, beautifully cloth bound.

No matter what books you have read, no matter what sex question is agitating your mind, the information given in this wonderful book should solve your problem, and spare you years of heartache and misery.

Price only \$3, sent postpaid

Order your copy at once—to-day. You will never regret it. This book is worth many times its price.

TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.

1400 Broadway, Dept. 3-W

New York

Early to Educate

By Carroll Everett

E DUCATION, like charity, should begin at home. If every fond mama and doting papa were to devote a few minutes every day to the education of their children, the children would be bright enough by the time they reached school age to go out and make their own way in the world.

This would solve the school problem, and take a great burden off the minds of the teachers, who have trouble enough keeping one lesson ahead of the pupils as it is.

Education should begin first thing in the morning.

The child wakes up. It is morning—but why is it morning? Papa should pause at this point in the midst of shaving and explain the solar system.

By the time the child is dressed and the lather has dried on father's chin, the little one should have a good grasp of astronomy.

Dressing itself provides an avenue of education.

The little tot puts on a woolen suit. What is wool—and where does it come from? Mama can let the bacon burn and forget to put the coffee on while explaining this one.

Then, having pulled the wool over the child's eyes—and other parts of its cute little anatomy, mother can resume her morning chores with a clear conscience.

When dad comes to the breakfast table and finds the bacon in cinders, he and ma can fight it out for themselves. This will likewise add to the child's education.

By the time the little one has got completely dressed, it should have acquired enough parental education to enable it to go straight into the cloak and suit business.

The same with shoes. They are made of leather—or something to that effect. What is leather? Here is a question which opens up the entire animal kingdom to the youthful mind. By the time papa has explained it the child should know more about the animal kingdom than Noah did when he left the ark.

The only awkward feature of this educational plan is that the child might become so educated by the time it reached the breakfast table that it would have lost all desire to eat.



Gilda Gray at
the Rendez-
vous



Billie Burke in
"Intimate
Strangers"
Muray



Lillian Lorraine
in "The Blue Kit-
ten"
White Studio

Blue Laws? Why Not?

THE old blue laws were drastic. There is some talk now of modifying them to fit present conditions and clamping them on again. In the olden days:

No man was allowed to kiss his wife on the Sabbath.

No one was allowed to travel, cook meals, make beds, sweep house, shave or cut hair on the Sabbath.

No one was allowed to play the jewsharp.

A man who struck his wife was fined £10.

Married persons had to live together or be imprisoned.

No one was allowed to make minced pies or play cards.

No man was allowed to whistle on the Sabbath day.

With a few alterations, blue laws might not be so bad at the present time, and the following list has been suggested as fitting the needs of our city:

No man shall be allowed to kiss any

other man's wife on the Sabbath, or any other day.

No person shall be allowed to whistle on the Sabbath or any other day. Any man found with an ace in the shoe or up the sleeve shall stand in the stocks for three days.

No person shall be allowed to manage, own, operate or play in a jazz band, under penalty of life imprisonment.

Any woman who strikes her husband (for money) on any other than pay day shall be given the ducking stool.

Any man wearing bone-rimmed eye glasses shall be banished to New Rochelle for life.

No person shall be allowed to play the slide trombone or the clarinet within fifty miles of the city limits.

Any woman or feminine person wearing a skirt which does not reach as far down as the knees shall be compelled to walk in a barrel on ye public thoroughfare.

WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS

A WORTHY pastor told his metropolitan audience the other Sunday that gambling was a sin. Doubtless the pastor was conscientious but, nevertheless, we all take a chance.

If you travel your train may be wrecked.

If you stick around the home town, your automobile is likely to cast a tire and precipitate you over a cliff and land you in a deep ravine on your elbows and shoulderblades.

If you go walking, a motorcycle is apt to toss you blithely into the middle of the following week. Or you may meet a footpad.

If you stay at home anything is liable to happen: The gas stove may blow up, you may have a fit, the house may catch on fire, somebody may shoot through the window by accident, somebody may come along and sell you a genuine imitation Turkish rug or another vacuum cleaner; lightning may strike the house, a tornado may blow it down, somebody may send you a collect telegram, smallpox may break out in the neighborhood, there may be an earthquake, the cook may quit, the electric light collector may call and, worst of all, somebody may drop in and stay to dinner.

Are we not gamblers all?

Don't we nearly all get married?

Don't we all buy things on the installment plan?

The only boys who don't take a chance every day are the ones out in Woodlawn.

It's a great life if you don't weaken.

Keep an ace in the shoe.



Your Face Is Your Fortune

The world's greatest facial remedy will restore ruined complexions to the beauty and purity of youth.

If YOUR blood is impure, if you have pimples, freckles, wrinkles, blackheads, redness of face or nose, a muddy, sallow skin, or any blemish on or under the skin, you need

**DR. JAMES P. CAMPBELL'S
SAFE ARSENIC
COMPLEXION WAFERS**

These marvelous beautifiers of the complexion and the skin are wonderfully effective, and are absolutely safe and harmless. The prescription was first used 36 years ago by Dr. Campbell, and he has made countless thousands of women and men happy in the possession of a pure, spotless complexion.

Mailed in plain cover on receipt of \$1.00 from **RICHARD PINK CO.**, Dept. 35, Kens. Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. C. Every druggist can get this remedy for you from his wholesale dealer.



Shirley Vernon (above) and Betty Williams (upper right) in "Sally," and (right) Martha Graham, dancing partner of Ted Shawn

Photo by Nicholas Muray

Second-Story Professions

LIKE the movies and the manufacture of breakfast fodder, the pursuit of burglary and allied trades of hold-up and petty thieving is rapidly becoming one of our foremost industries.

The chief drawback to the profession at the present time is the inadequate provision for old-age. Unless he is careful of his savings and lays away part of his swag, he some day finds his place taken by younger and more active thugs, and he is compelled to turn honest for lack of anything else to do.

It is to be hoped that the crooks themselves, now that their industry is in such flourishing condition, will take steps to protect the declining years of their pioneering colleagues.

An old burglars' home for men no longer able to wield a jimmy and a sanitarium for superannuated shoplifters is the least they can do.

Some thought might profitably be given to the educational needs of the profession. There has been, and still is, entirely too much hit-and-miss in crime. The apprentice system, which has been discarded by the law-abiding labor unions, is still in vogue among the night workers.

You become a crook by hiring out to an old and experienced hand—one who

By Lisle Bell

has been through the mill, to say nothing of a few good jails. Your prelim-

inary training, under his direction, generally includes light-finger exercises and skeleton keyboard work.

You are given exhaustive courses in plain and fancy frisking, the theory and practice of porch-climbing, make-up and mask manipulation, and some practice with hand grenades and short arms.

After that, comes advanced work in constable dodging, petty shoplifting and minor thuggery. The post-graduate work consists of house-breaking, safe-blowing and specialized hold-up.

Complaint that the profession is rapidly becoming overcrowded, especially in the banking and theatre districts, may lead to some radical changes in the working rules. Residential burglary is also being considered for new legislation.

For instance, no two burglars should be allowed to enter the same house on the same night. It only means a duplication of effort, and a needless loss of sleep on the part of innocent householders.

When two hold-up men approach the same victim from opposite directions, they should match coins to see which shall complete the job. The coins will be furnished by the victim.

A negro who had an injured head entered a doctor's office.

"Hello, Sam! Got cut again, I see."

"Yes, sah! I done got carved up with a razor, Doc!"

"Why don't you keep out of bad company?" said the physician, after he had dressed the wound.

"'Deed I'd like to, Doc, but I ain't got 'nuff money to git a divorce."

A good excuse to a married man is worth easily a fifty-dollar hat.

"Dr. Jackson of our town," says a news item in a country paper, "went hunting last week, but killed nothing."

Which was the consequence of his having neglected his business.



MODELS OF PARIS

By famous French artists. Daring pictures, chic and saucy models. Post card size and beautifully colored. \$1.00 per set of seven. \$2.00 for three sets. Best ever den fotos, size 9x11, all poses 75c. each or 6 for \$4.00. Assortment of 6 den fotos and 3 sets post card size \$5.00. Sample 25c. Do not send stamps.

GRAPHIC IMPORT COMPANY
Box 667 Cleveland, Ohio

"Hi see 'Arvy got a job."

"'E did. Well, well. Some folks will do anything for money."

Originality in woman's dress is getting close to aboriginality.

Woman has the last word, but at that man has the advantage—he can think.

LEAVE ME WITH A SMILE



YOUR FAVORITE ORCHESTRA IS PLAYING IT.
SINGERS ARE SINGING IT EVERYWHERE
YOUR DEALER IS SELLING IT.
YOUR DEALER HAS PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
AND PIANO ROLLS MADE BY YOUR
FAVORITE ARTISTS. ASK TO HEAR THEM.
Sing It!! Play It!! Dance To It!!

A DELIGHTFUL
FOX-TROT

By
Earl Burtnett
and
Chas. Koehler

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

*Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.
Strand Theatre Bldg. N.Y.*

Barbelle

It isn't easy to laugh these days unless you have something to laugh at. If you read

THE TATLER

you can't help laughing! It's the greatest gloom-killer on earth.

A LAUGH IN EVERY LINE!

Also beautiful pictures that are the cream of the studios.

Interesting gossip of stage folks.

Practical fashoin hints.

All for one dollar a year

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

The Tatler,
1819 Broadway,
New York City, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith is One (\$1.00) Dollar for which kindly enter my subscription for "THE TATLER" for One (1) Year.

Yours very truly,

Name.....

Address.....